SONG FOR RAPUNZEL

His hair
almost touches
his shoulders.
He dreams
of long braids,
ladders,
vines of hair.
He stands
like Rapunzel,
waiting on his balcony
to be rescued
from the fire-breathing
dragons of loneliness.
They breathe
at his hips
and thighs
the years soften
as they turn.
How long must he dream
ladders no one climbs?
He stands like Rapunzel,
growing deaf,
waiting
for a call.

THE TOMB OF SORROW

FOR MAHOMET

I cannot say,
that I have gone to hell
for your love
but often
found myself there
in your pursuit.

—WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
"Asphodel, That Greeny Flower"

I

Gunshots ring out above our heads
as we sit beneath your favorite tree,
in this park called Meridian Hill,
called Malcolm X, that you call
the "Tomb of Sorrow,"
(and claim to be its gatekeeper);
in the cool air lingering after the rain,
the men return to the Wailing Wall
to throw laughter and sad glances
into the fountains below,
or they scream out
for a stud by any name,
their beautiful asses
rimmed by the moon.

Gunshots ring out above our heads
as we cock dance
beneath your favorite tree.